

BONZIE, Fading Out

Unfolding sequence
Competing for the final slide
No needle blackout infrared

I'm in the right room
But you look nothing like yourself
No commutation to dispel

Oh they would pick up where they had left
I want it all to come and start again

Imposing offense
made to uproot what cannot grow
I must make up what I dispose

Oh they would pick up where they had left
I want it all to come and start again

Burning memory pull at me
Crater land you place before me
One by one singe the sandglass
Searing into now